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To his ROYAL HIGHNES

A Very Heroical EPISTLE

FROM MY

Lord ALL-PRIDE to DOL-COMMON.

The ARGUMENT. 1679.

*Dol-Common being forsaken by my Lord All-pride, and having written him a most lamentable Letter, his Lordship sends her the following answer.*

IF you're deceived, it is not by my cheat,  
For all disguises are below the great.  
What Man or Woman upon earth can say  
I ever us'd 'em well above a day?  
How is it then that I inconstant am?  
He changes not, who alwayes is the same.  
In my dear self, I center every thing,  
My Servants, Friends, my Mistress, and my King.  
May Heaven and earth to that one point I bring.  
Well-manner'd, honest, generous and stout,  
(Names by dull Fools to plague mankind found out)

Should I regard, I must my self constrain,  
And 'tis my maxim to avoid all pain.  
You fondly look for what none e're could find  
Deceive your self, and then call me unkind;  
And by false reasons would my fallhood prove,  
For 'tis as natural to change as Love.  
You may as justly at the Sun repine  
Because alike it does not alwayes shine.  
No glorious thing was ever made to stay,  
My Blazing Star but visits and away;  
As Fatal too, it shines as those i'th' skies,  
'Tis never seen but some great Lady dies.  
The boasted favour you so precious hold  
To me's no more than changing of my gold.  
What e're you gave, I paid you back in bliss,  
Then where's the obligation, pray, of this?  
If heretofore you found grace in my eyes,  
Be thankful for it, and let that suffice.  
But Women Beggarike, still haunt the door  
Where they've receiv'd a Charity before.  
O happy Sultan! whom we barbarous call,  
How much refin'd art thou above us all!  
Who envies not the joys of thy Serrail!  
Thee, like some God, the trembling crowd adore,  
Each man's thy slave, and Woman-kind thy  
Where.  
Methinks I see thee underneath the shade  
Of golden Canopies supinely laid;  
Thy crouching slaves all silent as the night,  
But at thy nod all active as the light.  
Secure in solid Sloath thou there dost reign,  
And feel'st the joys of love without the pain.  
Each Female courts thee with a wishing eye,  
While thou with awful pride walk'st careless by.  
All thy kind pledge at last mark's out the Dame

Printed in the

Thou fanciest most to quench thy present flame.  
Then from thy bed submissive she retires,  
And thankful for the grace no more requires.  
No loud reproach, nor fond unwelcome sound  
Of Womens tongues thy sacred ear dares wound.  
If any do, a nimble Mute straight tye's  
The true love knot, and stops her foolish cries.  
Thou fear'st it not injur'd Kinsman's threatening  
blade,  
Nor Midnight ambushes by Rivals laid.  
While here with aking hearts our joys we taste  
Disturb'd by Swords like *Damocles* his feast,

*Epigram upon my Lord All-pride.*

Bursting with pride the loath'd Imposture swel's,  
Prick him he shed's his venom straight and swel's,  
But is so lewd, a Scribler that he writes  
With as much force to nature as he fights.  
Harden'd in shame, 'tis such a baffled Fop  
That every School-boy whips him like a Top.  
And with his arm and heart his brain's so weak,  
That his starv'd fancy is compell'd to rake  
Among the excrements of others wit  
To make a stinking meal of what they spit.  
So Swine for nasty meat to dunghills run,  
And tofs their grunting Snouts up when they've  
done.  
Against his stars the Coxcomb ever strives,  
And to be something they forbid contrives.  
With a red Nose, splay-foot, and goggle eye,  
A plowman's looby meen, face all awry,  
A filthy breath, and every loathsome mark  
The *Punchinello* set's up for a Spark.  
With equal self-conceit he takes up arms,  
But with such vile success his part perform's,  
That he burlesque's the trade, and what is best  
In others, turn's like *Harlequin* to jest.  
So have I seen at *Smithfield's* wondrous fair  
(When all his Brother Monsters flourish there)  
A lubbard *Elephant* divert the Town  
With making legs and shooting off a gun.  
Go where he will he never find's a Friend,  
Shame and derision all his steps attend,  
Alike abroad, at home, i'th Camp and Court  
This Knight o'th burning pestle makes us sport.

Year, 1679.

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Long Atlantic - DOCK WIND

1800

Long Atlantic - DOCK WIND

Long Atlantic - DOCK WIND